

# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL



APRIL — 1953

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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## EDITORIAL



### WE NEED BOYS

Why is it that every time there's work to do, for instance decorating for a dance or planning the yearbook, the girls outnumber the boys three to one? It's plain unvarnished truth that when volunteers from the Senior Class were asked to join the *Gobbler* staff, only girls showed up. There is no denying the fact that on the *Journal* staff of '53 there are only five boys, and all underclassmen. When a committee is to decorate for a dance who turns out—girls! Oh, boys have come, when they are collared out in the corridor and pushed up the ladder to hang the crepe paper. If a preliminary speech is made, begging the males to come because they are badly needed, (and they are), a few might decide to venture in and see how things are progressing. Last year we had comparative success in decorating for the Prom, but I strongly suspect that the boys willingly joined the forces because they could cut classes.

I believe that the key to the situation is this—the boys should get together and join a staff or a committee in a body. In the past I have noticed that a few boys wanted to help out but didn't want

to be so badly outnumbered. This is my advice to them—speak to some other boys on the subject and persuade them to join with you; then you won't be so alarmingly alone in a group of females. If you think that it will make the others laugh at you for joining the *Gobbler* or *Journal*, just recall in past years the boys who served on these staffs who were outstanding members of the student body.

Remember, you are needed. Girls can't do all the work. I know that you'll find it isn't so hard and back-breaking after all. Most of the time it's loads of fun! So come on, boys, girls aren't that strong!

Sandra Vose, '53

### FREEDOM OF SPEECH

I would like to discuss the much publicized phrase, "freedom of speech." We, living in this troubled world today, must realize and appreciate what these three words represent: independence, free and unhampered expression of opinion, and the right to make one's decisions and govern one's own private life. But people take advantage of this right to the very limits of decency!

We must also bear in mind another important factor that

should be considered together with freedom of speech—respect. Some people today cannot differentiate between freedom of speech and downright slander! Many radio programs, comedians, and news commentators continue to freely criticize, in a disrespectful manner, the officers and leaders of our country.

Listening to one comedian, I became thoroughly disgusted at his means of courting applause and laughter. He created laughter by using the name of a high official to *amuse* his audience!

We do not stop to think that a man who is a leader of our United States is the person who is doing, to the best of his ability, the things necessary to bring peace and prosperity to our world. Yet we *dare* to suggest that his name, or the names of his family, should be used as a big joke!

I wish to impress upon you that if people cannot amuse themselves in any way besides unjustly criticizing the officials of our country, these people are abusing the hard-won privilege of freedom of speech.

Dorothy Hoessler, '55



## LITERARY

### A FRESHMAN'S HEAD

I could feel all eyes upon me as I carefully pulled on a pair of sterilized rubber gloves and began the tremendous task of operating on a freshman's head. We had taken extreme precaution in choosing the perfect one on which to operate. You couldn't be too careful in matters like this, and at last we had found "THE ONE." Those big, questioning eyes, the air of uncertainty about him, his unruly brown hair falling in one eye, the faint trace of an uncertain smile about his babyish mouth, the look of not knowing whether to act defiant or scared—all these qualities went to make up the typical freshman boy.

My very capable assistants handed me the tools as I called for them. We had made every effort to obtain the very best medical men and surgeons for an operation of this importance. First we shaved off the thick, straight hair; this was more of a task than we had anticipated because the hair was so unmanageable. After this task

was completed, we attempted to slit his skull open from the forehead to the neck. I asked for the scalpel and inserted it between the eyes, but it would not even make a dent in that thick skull. I tried all sorts of delicate instruments until I had quite exhausted my supply and those of my colleagues. Finally, I had to resort to a hammer and chisel. This was successful in slitting his skull, but we could not pry it open. After repeated attempts we came to the conclusion that a vacuum had formed inside his head. I inserted the chisels again and the strongest men present finally succeeded in prying it open.

At last we saw the inside of a freshman's head, and what a shock we got! Almost one-third of the brain hadn't been used as yet!! The part that had been used was a jumbled mass of useless information. We even succeeded in reading his innermost thoughts. Although they are not worth passing on to my more intelligent readers, I will repeat a few of the more worth-

while ones in the interest of science. The name Susie Parsons was in the very center of the "brain," and so surrounded by little pranks he had played on her to show his friends how much he detested her that we could scarcely make it out! A teacher's name was also there, a Miss Johnson whom, we learned from investigation, he admired and pestered to death with little mischievous acts to show his love for her.

This, dear friends, was all that was in our freshman's head. I hope this discovery will prove as beneficial to science as it was interesting to us. Claire Markey, '53

### MAN AGAINST THE MASSES

The hot July sun was blazing fiercely in a cloudless sky as I steadily but nervously made my way through the vast expanse of land before me. "This is it," I thought to myself. "This is the chance you've been waiting for; make the most of it."

Deep down inside I was all confused. I was fairly bursting with excitement, tension, and anticipation. My throat felt like sandpaper, my heart was throbbing like a sledge hammer. Everything was blurred.

I saw a jumble of faces watching my every movement with the closest scrutiny. In the distance I heard the roar of the crowd, a confusion of cheers and cat calls all mixed up as in a dream. My legs felt weak and wobbly. I felt I just couldn't go any further.

There was a tightness in my chest. Snatching a handkerchief from my hip pocket, I hastily wiped the beads of cold sweat from my brow. I had almost reached my destination now.

"Come on, old boy, snap out of it," I said, trying to regain my composure. "Where's your guts? They're dependin' on you to pull

'em through—Charlie, "Gabby," Jim, and all the rest. Now's your chance to help 'em and show them you've got what it takes to be one of them," a voice inside me kept prodding me on.

Finally I reached the pitchers' mound. I heard the rough but friendly voice of catcher Jim Peters cracking one of his numerous jokes as a baseball was thrust into my hands. Suddenly I laughed and, as I picked up the rosin bag, I knew everything was going to be all right.

Helen Mooradkanian, '55

### A HAPPY ENDING

It was hard to be brave when you were only seven years old, and the odds were against you. But, he had tried—oh, how desperately he had tried. At first, Timmy had cried, not quite understanding, not wanting to believe. His mother had tried to make him understand and be brave, but it wasn't easy.

Now, dressed in his new suit, he moved cautiously through the living-room, his arms thrust before him, feeling very pleased about the way he manipulated himself around the tables and chairs. The first few times it hadn't been so easy, but now he was getting used to the darkness.

He reached the chair by the fireplace without mishap and, sinking into its comfortable cushion, he began searching among the articles on the chair arm. He discovered a lighter and his father's new pipe, which his mother had placed there in readiness before leaving for the station a short while ago. The sun was streaming in through the huge bay window, but Timmy, his eyelids heavily-lashed upon his cheeks, felt only the warmth of its rays.

Timmy's aunt was in the kitchen preparing the supper. This was

to be a very special meal to celebrate his father's return.

As his aunt turned around and looking at the clock she said, "Well, it won't be long now, Timmy. Just another half hour. I bet your father will be glad to get home."

"Oh, he sure will," said Timmy, "but do you think . . .?"

"Now you run along like a good boy," his aunt broke in.

Obediently, Timmy moved back along the hallway, his mind in a turmoil from many emotions.

He then decided to try the stairs again and told himself that he mustn't forget the clothes tree this time. His mother had wanted to move it, but Timmy wanted everything left just as it was before.

On reaching his room, he flung himself on his bed and cried. After a short while, he went downstairs to the living-room to wait.

It seemed no time at all before the taxi drew up and he heard his mother's soft voice. Then he heard his father's merry one.

How could he be so merry and happy? He remembered the days that he had stumbled about the house with his eyes closed, in order to be able to understand what his father would experience in his blindness. Then, bravely pushing back the tears, he went to meet his father who was waiting with strange, sightless eyes, and a gleaming medal fastened to his soldier's uniform. There was a brave smile upon his father's face which, Timmy knew, would wear that expression forever. He knew also, as his father's arms went around him, that now he too could be brave, no matter what the odds.

Julie Gillick, '54

### THE TORCH SINGER

The spotlight shone, forming a pale yellow moon across the surface of the stage. Its dusty rays

grasped out of the quiet darkness the slender image of a gaudily clad woman.

Withdrawing slowly from behind the cover of a faded velvet curtain she appeared, a person of soulful manner and bitter thought. Her features were fresh, yet her face wore the mask of a woman hard set in the joys and miseries of life in the lower East side.

Momentarily, like the plunge of a pick, the silence was shattered by the melancholy note of a saxaphone far off in the unfathomable gloom. Once more the atmosphere trembled with the misery of the tune proceeding from the lips of the performer.

Its verse spoke: "Oh, Lawd, mah man, why he done gone and left me?

"When, Lawd, he knows ah loves him so?"

Presently the air seemed damp and dewy and the audience, as though aroused from a hypnotic slumber, awakened the timbers of the room with a thunderous clap of applause, while on the stage lay the murmuring shadow of a girl—with black in her eyes, red on her lips, and "blues" in her heart.

Dorothy Hoessler, '55

### OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE HIGH COMMAND OF MARS

SUBJECT—Expedition, Earth

*Extract from the ship's log starting on the first day earth was reached.*

As my space ship, of the flying saucer class, approached Earth, I could see strange beings running into an odd-shaped building that seemed to be constructed of a red brick similar to Mars' brick. Suddenly a strange, terrifying buzzing filled the air and there was no more movement to be seen on the ground below me. Thinking this quite an odd spectacle, I landed

my saucer and approached the building with care. Gazing into the first window, I saw a large, sinister-looking earthling standing in front of a group of small, seated earthlings.

Because of my intense curiosity, I made myself invisible and entered the building. Just as I had reached the top of the first flight of stairs, I once again heard that strange buzzing. Almost instantly doors flew open and the small earthlings came hurtling out. I had no chance to escape and was almost trampled to death. Then once again came the buzzing, and all of the earthlings ran into different rooms.

Fearing for my life, I began to run for the stairs but, just as I reached the top of them, I found myself in front of three small earthlings who were coming up the stairs. For fear I would bump into them and be discovered, I fled into the nearest room.

I shall try to tell what came to pass in this room, but as it was almost too much for the mind to stand, I may sound a little vague in my thought pattern.

As I shrank back into a corner, a strange black missile came sailing through the air, trailed by a cloud of white powder. It struck me on my right hand and brought the stars into my three eyes. When I recovered my equilibrium, I saw a large earthling pursuing a smaller one around the room. The race suddenly ended with the smaller earthling being trapped under what the earthlings call a desk.

Once again I heard the terrifying buzzing and saw the earthlings bolt up and begin to run. (I believe this is a stimulating sound machine that makes the earthlings move, similar to our X-qugo ray machine.)

After another buzzing everything became quiet and I made my way down to the ground floor.

Here I came across another flight of stairs leading down under the ground. I climbed down these stairs and saw a small, dark, cold room similar to our sewer mains. Inside the room were a group of earthlings who had a strange blue color to their skin. (This may have been caused by the climate there, because it is similar to the polar regions of Mars where the inhabitants are blue.)

Looking around I saw a circular object with a hole in it placed on each of the two farthest walls. These objects may be used for radar interceptors.

Leaving this underground room I returned to the surface of the earth and ran for my saucer. Someone must have seen me for the sound of the buzz split the air and I was immediately trampled upon by the young earthlings. Gathering myself up, I gained entrance to my saucer and set sail for Mars.

*Conclusion of Expedition*—Earth is not fit to be colonized because it has a type of air that drives living things insane.

Signed this day,  
Frz, IX5IVO

by  
Captain Shogray  
Head of Mars' Expedition  
to Earth

Charles Harbolt, '53

## THE LAST MOMENTS

Tension and excitement filled the atmosphere as I entered the basement of the huge municipal auditorium. Hundreds of students, some in band uniforms and others in their best dresses, were nervously fingering catchy passages or having a last minute discussion with a friend or friends.

Finally, after long, wearisome but enjoyable hours of practicing, the big night of the concert had arrived. We, the band, were to be last on the program.

The orchestra and chorus, in that order, played and sang their selections, doing an inspiring job. Then we were next, and in our places at last. In the remaining minutes before the presentation, I found myself glancing around at the one hundred and fifty members of the band, meeting many friendly smiles from friends made during those long, happy practicing hours.

There was complete silence in the auditorium as the noted band leader, Revelli, mounted his platform. Each one of us had come to respect and admire this great man during the hours spent under his direction. We were each hoping, this evening, to prove ourselves worthy of his praise. He then raised his hand for the first note, while his lips formed the all-important words—"Watch! Watch me!"

Our part of the concert had begun as we went into the lively "Marcho Poco," remembering each pause, diminuendo, and crescendo. It went well, and we felt proud when we stood to acknowledge the generous applause.

Our next number was "If Thou Be Near," a beautiful, moving work. While playing this number, the audience was completely forgotten, and we became lost in its lovely melody. Upon its conclusion I noticed there was deep silence, then realized the audience was still under the spell of the music.

Then, suddenly, the applause was thunderous and we all felt the tremendous thrill one gets in knowing he has brought such pleasure to an appreciative audience.

Ann Bullock, '54

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### I AM A WITNESS

We are standing inside a low grey building in the middle of a New Mexico desert. With me is a group of men peering out of a

heavy glass window. Outside, we can see the outline of the steel tower and the bulky craft that it supports.

Although it is only 5:31 on this Friday morning, I can dimly make out the men climbing the ladder which leads to the interior of a ship. On the ground, a sound truck with its powerful voice is bellowing orders to the various mechanics and workers as they prepare the craft for its flight.

As the last man clammers into the darkness of the ship, the heavy hatch clangs shut and the long ladder is drawn away. As if by magic, the men on the ground disappear, along with the trucks. All is quiet now except the ticking of the many clocks.

As I turn away from the window and look around the inside of the building, I see a maze of radar screens, radio apparatus, and instrument panels which only the scientific mind is capable of understanding. In front of one of these panels, a man is droning off the seconds. When the count reaches fifteen, blue lights flash on the panels. When it reaches ten, the blue lights are replaced by red ones.

Outside, I can see the dull red exhaust of the ship begin to stir up the desert sand. At the count of five a flare illuminates the area. The red lights are replaced by white ones and a buzzer sounds. Switches are thrown and wheels turned. Radar and radio sets begin to tune up.

Then the counting stops. The buzzer ceases. All is quiet except for a dull roar as the craft's mighty engines begin to lift their heavy burden. There is a sudden tremble as the shock from the exhaust hits the building. Now it is impossible to see the rocket's ascent because clouds of sand are being stirred up.

The sound of the rocket dies

away and the sand settles back to the desert floor. All the radar sets are in operation now, and the speed and course of the craft are being plotted. I open the heavy door and walk out into the open to greet the bright dawn. I can see the tower, dirty and dusty from the sand, no longer supporting its strange load, and hardly believe that I have been a witness to the first man-carrying rocket capable of penetrating the outer limit.

Philip Coates, '54

### THE CIRCUS WRECK

The time was almost midnight when a long circus train sped over the tracks overlooking the steep cliffs of the Swift River. As the train rounded a sharp bend, there was a blinding flash and then a deafening roar. The coaches plunged down the embankment where the roar died away.

Soon a low growl was heard and, from a broken cage, cautiously crept one of the vicious tigers. He crouched for a moment on his twisted cage.

The circus people were already swarming around the train when the trainers located the escaped cat. The tiger sprang up the embankment and stood silhouetted in the moonlight, a perfect target.

A shot rang out, and the old cat leaped up with a terrifying scream and bounded away into the darkness. The circus men hurried after him. They realized the enraged tiger would attack everyone in his path.

After the sun had risen the next day, the circus men and a posse of volunteers came to a pasture of sheep. Here they found several mangled animals, recently killed. The hunters hurried onward with renewed vigor, but upon arriving at a nearby farm house they found the hideous sight of a brutally gored and clawed farmer. The

cruel, enraged tiger seemed to be one step ahead of his pursuers.

He was indeed one step ahead for, at that moment, he was seen bounding across the farm yard. The excited men fired a volley of shots at him. The dying animal leaped straight into the air and ran towards the men. He tripped and fell quivering, a few feet from them. The bloody trail of the circus tiger was ended.

Benjamin Farnum, '56

### SURFBOARD RIDER

The Florida sun shines down brilliantly on the crystal water as I speed across to capture the "Women's Surfboard Riders Championship."

Crowds murmur, "What an athlete, and only fourteen years old!"

In the past month I have taken the tennis cup from Maureen Connelly, won the "Powder Puff" golf tournament, and a few other minor competitions.

Among other things, my coach has planned to have me try to swim the English Channel. I am pretty sure I will be successful.

As the crowds throng around to catch a glimpse of me, the best athlete of the year, I think back to a few months ago when I was an awkward adolescent who could not even stay out of the way of her own basketball team. Oh, but I was young then, only thirteen!

"Peggy, Peggy, wake up! You will be late for school unless you hurry."

I awake from my sleep to see my sister standing at my bedside. My wonderful success as an athlete has been only wishful thinking, becoming real only in my dreams.

Margaret Macklin, '55

### THE BRAVE AND THE GIANT

In an Indian village there once lived a young warrior who said he must have room to breathe.

So he pitched his wigwam under a birch tree, quite far from other people.

He had no relatives but his old grandmother. She lived with him and cooked his meals. He had two dogs that were really wolves. When he told them to go and bring meat, away they would dash, to return shortly with enough to feed a big family.

When he wanted his dogs to be big, he said "Grow," and at once they became large and fierce. If he wanted them to be little he said, "Be small," and at once they became as small as kittens. With such dogs he did not have to go hunting. What he wanted was adventure.

One day he came into the wigwam and said to his grandmother, "I can stay here no longer. I must see other places. How can I be a warrior, if I know nothing but how to ride a pony."

"Go," said his grandmother, "but when you have had enough adventure come back to your wigwam. I shall keep your fire burning."

Then he called his dogs and said "Keep meat in this tent while I am gone."

The warrior took his hunting knife and his tomahawk and his bow and arrows and left. His grandmother watched him until he was out of sight.

It was summer when he left. And he walked north day after day. The nights became cooler, and the days shorter. Soon the leaves fell from the trees. The winds began to blow. Then snow fell.

The brave stopped at a village where he bought snowshoes and skates. He asked about the country still farther north, and the tales he heard made him keep on with his journey.

At last he came to a river that was all ice-covered. He sat down

and put on his skates. In a short time he skated across the river and came to a big tent buried in the snow. He looked inside and saw a giant whose white hair and wrinkled skin made him look very old.

"From what place do you come?" asked the giant.

"I come from the far south," said the brave. "Can I rest in your wigwam?"

The giant gave him food and told him that he was Old Man Winter. Then Old Man Winter drew a long deep breath that sounded like a blast of north wind. The brave shivered and drew his blanket more closely about him. The giant puffed out his frosty breath, and the tent grew colder and colder. The brave nodded his head and fell fast asleep.

"It took me a long time to put this brave to sleep, but it will be a long time before he wakes up," said the giant.

Six times the moon changed and then the brave woke up with a start. The giant was gone and warm sunshine filtered through green leaves. He looked out of the tent and saw flowers blooming in the fields. The river was flowing and there was no ice or snow.

"The giant played a trick on me," he said, "but I shall get even with him yet."

So he straightened his blanket around him and started for the south. He walked all day and all night and all the next day. He walked and walked.

At sunset he met a group of tiny little people playing in a ring. They were dancing around an old man who was sitting in the center. He walked so softly that none of them heard him until he was close to them. They were not afraid of him. The old man said "Bring him here so I can look at him."

"Do not be afraid for he will not hurt you," said the tiny people.

The man on a log drew out his knife and said, "I will cut off his hair for he has no need of it, and you wee folk must roll it into a rope for him." So he cut off the long black hair from the brave's head and tossed it to the little people who rolled and twisted it into a rope which they wound into a ball.

"Give him the ball," said the old man. "He'll need a rope before he reaches his journey's end."

"Tell me, friends, who are you?" asked the brave.

"We are the summer people," answered the wee folk. We bring the soft winds and the warm rains. Here is our queen who has charge of the flowers. Her breath is sunshine and her words are songs of birds."

"I need her," said the brave, "but I promise to do her no harm."

He caught her and set her upon his shoulder. Quickly he ran back over the path to the tent of Old Man Winter. As he ran, he unrolled the ball of hair rope. The wee people followed him by winding up the rope, for in no other way could they tell where he was as they could not keep him in sight.

When he looked in the tent he saw that Old Man Winter was back and was fast asleep. The tiny queen looked down and saw that ice had formed on the giant's cheeks and icicles hung from his hair and beard.

"Put me down," she cried. "The poor Old Man is so cold. I must do what I can to help him."

The brave put her down and he built up a big fire. The queen rubbed Old Man Winter's hands and blew her breath upon them. The ice upon his hair began to melt and drip. The giant moaned in his sleep, melted, and ran down in a stream to join the river.

Just then the wee people came

trooping in. The queen told them to get to work. They flew around putting the leaves on the trees and bringing out the flowers. They made the birds sing, and all the green things began to grow.

As for the brave, he left the queen with her people and journeyed back to his own wigwam. He found his grandmother had kept his fire going, and his two dogs had kept the tent filled with meat. And ever afterwards he told the story of his journey to the young men of his tribe as they sat around the camp fire on warm summer evenings.

John Levesque, '56

### THE HAT

Wouldn't you be surprised if a fish stuck his head out of the water and said, "Hello."

That's exactly what a fish said to me one day and this fish was wearing a hat.

"Hello yourself," I said, "why do you wear a hat?"

"I'm glad that you asked me that," said the fish whose name was George. "As a matter of fact, it's my grandfather's hat. He is old and famous now. But when he was young he wasn't well known. He would often say to my grandmother, 'I wish I were old and famous.' My grandmother would reply, 'If you don't stop teasing those fishermen, you won't ever live to be old.' You see," said George, "my grandfather was a great tease."

"One day," said George, "my grandfather had an idea that he thought would make him famous. He decided to catch a man. Imagine a fish catching a fisherman instead of the fisherman catching him."

"Oh, my goodness," I said.

"That is just what my grandfather said," said George. "But grandfather did catch a man. He

didn't like being caught a bit. He begged and begged my grandfather to let him go."

"Several fishes swam up to see the man. They seemed to think that the man would like to be baked or boiled and served with lemons."

"All this time my grandfather had been thinking of what he wanted to do with him. 'I know what I'll do,' he said. 'I'll have him stuffed and mounted.' All the fishes thought this was a wonderful idea. They thought they would be doing the man a real favor. All the man did was yell, 'Let me out of here.'"

I said, "I suppose he felt wet."

"Maybe so," said the fish, "anyway he got so noisy my grandfather had to let him go."

"But what about the hat?" I asked.

"Oh, the hat," said George. "Well, the man swam away so fast he forgot his hat, so grandpa took it and gave it to me."

Nancy West, '56

### WHAT AM I?

You may toss me carelessly aside or choke and cough and turn away from me when I am all lit up, but I'm afraid you will have to admit I'm the mightiest little package anyone ever wrapped up.

Countless men worship me and I have little boys on my side too, for I swell their egos and make them feel important. When they get used to me they can't leave me alone, for I get to be a wicked habit.

Boy, am I a little demon! I'm responsible for innumerable lung and stomach cancers, and I really have a gay time setting fires to buildings and forests.

Besides this, I am pictured with beautiful girls on billboards all over the country, and famous singers sound my praises on television broadcasts.

There was a time when men-folks had to apologize for me. But, now, I too have a new look. I'm all sharpened up with lipstick and females go for me in a big way, especially if they want to seem sophisticated.

And I never have anything to worry about for almost no one prints anything belittling about me. You see, I am a cigarette.

David Knightly, '54

### PROSPECTUS

In order to add amusement and pleasure to our four very short years at Johnson, I am going to write, edit and publish an informing newspaper which I have decided to call "The Informer."

This paper will contain all the news that my reporters, who will be known by the initials T.W.A.,\* are able to uncover. It will follow the pattern of a certain column in a Sunday newspaper. The paper will contain only statements that can be checked for their veracity, just as the aforementioned column does. My reporters will be most accurate and will never fail to come up with some good "digs."

These agents will be present wherever "the elite" congregate for a social hour. These places include drugstores, restaurants, dances, street corners, pool rooms, libraries and parties. Dear reader, beware! They hear and see all and that is just what will appear in "THE INFORMER." All!

"THE INFORMER" will be divided into two very distinct sections. The first section will be set aside for news of the more important and popular belles and beaux. Yes, gentle reader, the last section is dedicated exclusively to those whom people call "nobodies" and "commoners."

It is my humble opinion that teachers as well as students will profit by reading this interesting and informative piece of litera-

ture. It will help them eliminate much talk by the infatuated young couples and "The Cliques." "THE INFORMER" will prove to them that seating students in alphabetical order is not as foolproof as it sometimes appears. Another goal of this paper will be to help the confused teachers understand why so many pupils are so tired on Mondays.

"THE INFORMER" will be a bi-weekly publication and it will cost five cents per issue because of the excellent literary work that will appear in it. A copy may be obtained from the business manager, who by some odd coincidence happens to be the editor, writer and publisher, too.

I will sign my "nom de plume" because I value my honor, my family name, and, most of all, my neck.

Bien a vous,  
Jacque Boisin

\*T. W. A. Means Teeny Weeny Agent.

Nancy Lawlor, '53

### SNOW BUNNIE

Garbed in a white nylon parka and blue gabardine ski pants, and wearing the most expensive boots, the Snow Bunnie stands on her Spalding laminated skis. These well-dressed, well-bred creatures may be found at any prominent resort.

She stands at the bottom of the mountain peering at the Vikings racing down the slopes toward her. She sees flashes of reds, blues, and greens as the enthusiastic athletes speed by, yet she never gets the courage or ever intends to have the courage to attempt to ski herself.

She hears shouts of joy as her fellow (?) skiers seat themselves on the decrepit-looking chairs, but

since her attention is distracted momentarily by a blond, husky, good-looking male, she pays no attention to them. What a chivalrous-looking "hunk," she thinks, and he's just what I've always hoped for. He's tall, blond, good-looking, well-built, nicely dressed, athletic, and sports around in a canary yellow sportsman convertible. She must meet him. It's a chance of a lifetime; two for the money; a good catch!

Upon inquiring about him, she finds he is none other than Merriweather Lewis Clark Tyler III, son of the big manufacturer of wooden heels. He was educated at Sprague Soby School for Gentlemen and Harvard University.

She's had it arranged for weeks just how to meet her multi-millionaire when he does come along. When she sees him climb into the chair lift, she goes to the gentler slopes where a T-bar is available. She reaches her desired level and scans the country below. My, but it's a long way down, she thinks. (All of 100 feet!!) Swoop! Swish! My, these are an energetic lot of people, she decides. Red-cheeked, bright-eyed, and snow-covered, they swoop and swish until she gets dizzy. She stumbles and falls, and rides down the rest of the mountain on her \_\_\_\_\_. Well, anyway, not her skis!!

As we look in on our Snow Bunnie now, we see her seated in front of the warm, ruddy, glowing fire with her leg wrapped in a white bandage and her blond hero apologizing for having bumped into her. No, her leg really wasn't broken, but she sure enjoyed a lot of attention for the remaining week.

Well, men, don't have such smug looks on your faces, for there are male Snow Bunnies as well who usually take more drastic steps in order to fulfill a desire.

Roberta E. Bamford, '55

## SPRINGTIME IN NEW ENGLAND

Springtime in New England is really a beautiful sight, after the long, cold, bitter winter. With the drab, colorless exit of winter comes the picturesque return of spring. Rich green splashes of grass appear here and there across the countryside. Tiny green buds appear on every drab and lonely tree and slowly blossom into large and luxurious leaves. Every road and street of every town and city becomes overhung with every imaginable shade of green on all the trees. Flowers poke their weary heads above the ground, and raise their pretty, colorful faces to the warm, friendly rays of the sun. Animals awake from their winter periods of hibernation to enjoy the pleasantness of the season. Travelers get that yearning to get out and see the magnificent sights. Farmers get out their tools, and sharpen and prepare them for the spring plowing and planting.

Now there is only rich, fertile soil, but in several months there will be vegetables and flowers of every size, shape, and color. The days will become longer and warmer, and the nights shorter. The birds will sing continually as they hustle back and forth, building nests and caring for their young.

All day long and way into the night the atmosphere is cheerful and man wants to be kind and helpful to his fellow man. The whole loveliness of the countryside gives one peace of mind, and a happy feeling inside. Every scene is like a picture of beauty on an artist's easel. Poets and artists both get their inspiration from the magnificent wonders of "Mother Nature's" priceless gems. The velvety blue sky is full of clusters of soft, satiny, white clouds.

Of course, there is that old say-

ing that in New England homes the women keep their houses spotlessly clean, and that spring is the best time of year for house-cleaning. But it is all done cheerfully, and every house shines inside and out in the midst of the glory of the marvels of springtime in New England.

Priscilla Graham, '53

## SPRING FEVER

Oh, gee! how heavenly the pond is today thought Jack and lazily turned on his back and floated. "Hey," somebody was yelling, "be careful and don't bump into the raft."

That warning was just in time because Jack was going to collide with the steel barrels that were filled with air which kept the raft on top of the water.

"Close one," was the thankful reply.

"How about coming in?" yelled Jack as an afterthought.

"Don't mind if I do," and with that Tub took a perfect belly-flop into the water. He came up yelling that an awful big bee had bit him.

Boys will be boys and so, in the next second, if anybody had cared to look, he would have seen the two boys trying to get the better of each other in what they were pleased to call a "ducking match."

First Jack was down, then Tub; no, it was Jack, and up he came gasping for breath and shouting, "Help! Help!"

From the recesses of his memory Jack heard Miss Snook's voice and wondered how it happened to catch up with him, right when he was drowning and taking his last breath.

"You certainly do need help, young man. Answer the third example. And I would strongly suggest that you get over that serious case of spring fever you have."

Helen Marie McCarthy, '55



## TALK OF THE SCHOOL

The choral Training Classes are, at the moment, engaged in something entirely new to them.

Mr. Mosher has secured the necessary music scores and chorus parts for a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "The Pirates of Penzance." He has held tryouts for the solo parts (which he has not yet named) and has already started rehearsing the chorus parts.

Much interest has been shown by those not taking Choral Training in this project. For those working toward its success, it has provided a welcome change from the routine schedule of music classes to the novel melodies of Gilbert and Sullivan.

The current subject being debated between the Junior and

Senior classes has been that of the Junior-Senior Prom to be held in June.

Many were interested in securing the Crystal Ballroom in Shawsheen for the biggest event of the school year, while others were in favor of being true to tradition by holding it at the school hall.

Numerous meetings were held by the two upper classes to discuss and vote upon the matter. Finally, it was the feeling of the majority that the Prom should be held at the Crystal Ballroom.

Miss Buckley, who has been in charge of this important social function for many years, will again serve as faculty advisor for the dance, to make the Junior-Senior Prom an event to be remembered for many years to come. D. W.



## RECORD

### SOPHOMORE CLASS NEWS

One of the members of our class recently had the honor of being chosen for a select part in the coming school play. Helen Marie McCarthy was chosen to be Diane, the second lead. Congratulations and good luck in the play, Helen Marie.

Now we, the Sophomore class, have dual reasons for getting out and selling tickets for the play:

A. Because a member of our class is in it.

B. Because each class receives one quarter of the proceeds, and we badly need more money in our treasury.

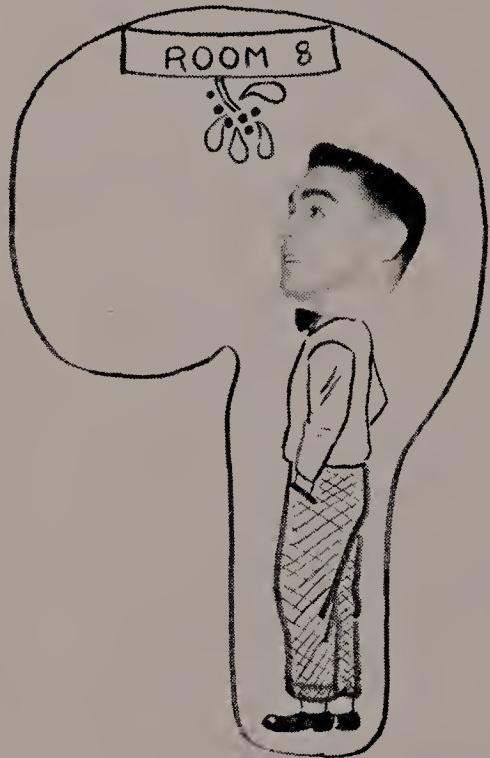
Let's all try to sell tickets this year!

### JUNIOR CLASS NEWS

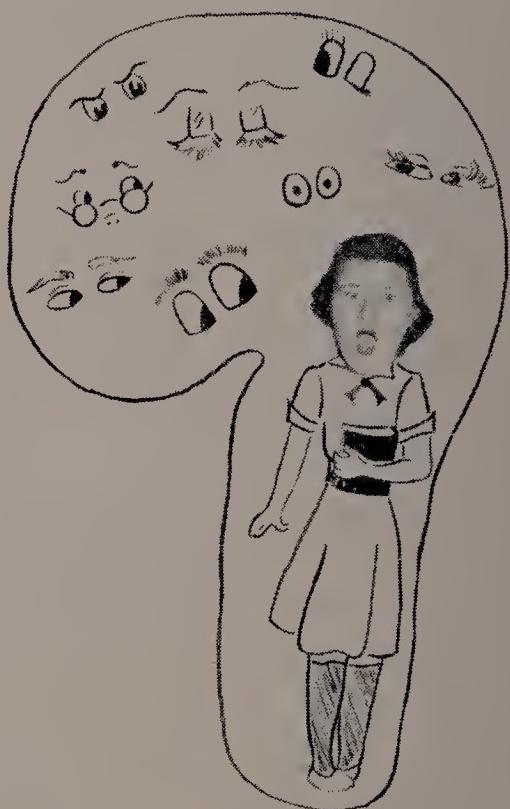
The Junior Class rings, which have been anxiously awaited, have finally arrived. Many of the Juniors are proudly displaying them to their classmates.

Tryouts for the annual school

# Do You R



The Christmas  
spirit at Johnson?



First appearance  
of Knee socks?



Pat's sudden liking  
for peaches at lunch?

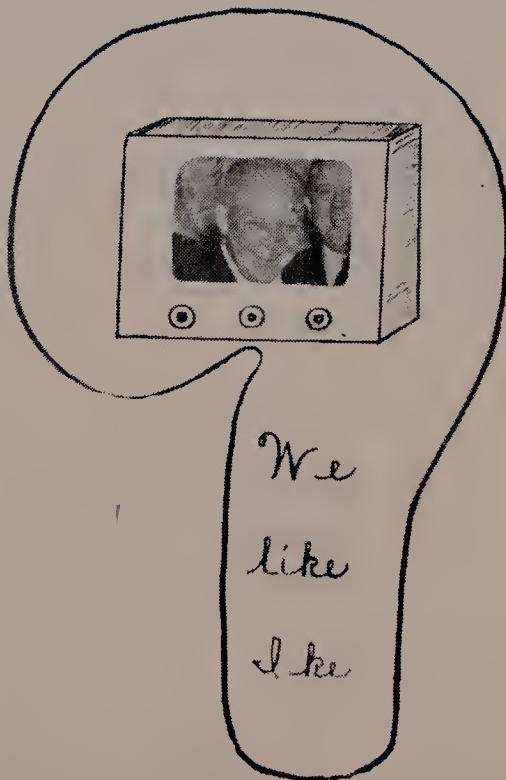
# emember



When Judy Cyr  
played the ukulele  
at recess?



Singers at  
recess?



When we had  
television at school?

play were held and we are proud to have a Junior, Ina Thomson, get the girl's lead. Some other Juniors who have parts in the play are Susan Hearty, Edith Bamford and Nancy Burke. Congratulations!

Plans for the Prom, which is to be held at the Crystal Ballroom, have been started. The Juniors on the Prom Committee are: Carol Long, Kenny Long, Kitty Driscoll, Ann Bullock, David Knightly.

### SENIOR CLASS NEWS

Graduation honors have been announced as follows: Nancy Lawlor, valedictorian; Paul Donovan, salutatorian; Sandra Vose, essayist; Charles Harbolt, orator.

The Senior Class has chosen a combination of light and dark blue as the class colors.

The Senior Class Motto is: "The past's forever gone, the future still our own."

Alice Dolan and Bob Lewis were selected to write the class will, Gerry Drummeey and Jack Boyle to write the class history, and Lillian Bara and Ronald Armano to write the class prophecy.

Four seniors have submitted class songs to Mr. Mosher who will, in turn, submit them to the Senior Class to select the one they wish by vote.

### GUIDANCE REPORT

The regular monthly speakers on courses and vocations for boys and girls are continuing to come to Johnson every Friday during the seventh period.

On March 16, there was a special meeting of all girls interested in the service as a career. A sergeant of the Women's Army Corps Recruiting Office came from the Fargo Building in Boston. She first showed two films on women in the service which included the

army, navy, and air force. After the films she discussed the requirements for entrance into service and what life in service is like. This was followed by a question and answer period. M. L.

### ASSEMBLIES

March 13 was not an unlucky Friday for Seniors. Careers were discussed and, in particular, jobs with the Telephone Company, jobs in industry and jobs in Home Economics.

Mrs. Mary Becker provided the facts about jobs for young men and women in industries in Massachusetts. A representative from the Telephone Company informed the Seniors about the duties of various workers of the company and how they go about making out their applications for employment. A member of the faculty of the school of Home Economics at Simmons College provided information about educational institutions, governmental agencies and many other fields where there is a demand for trained home economists.

These meetings were enjoyed and appreciated by everyone who attended them. H. M. McC.

### ALL-STATE BAND AND CHORUS

George Everson and Ann Bullock represented Johnson High School in the All-State Band while Jackie Finn and Elizabeth Ratcliffe shared honors in the All-State Chorus. This was held during the February vacation at Springfield, Mass.

### JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM

After two class meetings which ended in a tie, the Juniors and Seniors had a joint meeting on the place for the annual Prom, which

is to be held June 6. They voted with a 2-1 decision for the Crystal Ballroom over the Johnson High auditorium. Further plans are now being made by the Prom Committee headed by Miss Buckley.

### HONOR LIBRARY PASSES

The Honor Society Council drew up a system of Honor Society library passes. Juniors and seniors whose conduct was satisfactory for the first three terms and have marks no lower than a "B" for the first half year were issued these passes. This pass enables the student to go to the library without securing a permit by showing his Honor Society permit. These passes were given to 16 juniors and 17 seniors. This is one step further toward establishing an honor system at Johnson High.

### SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR DANCE

The Sophomore-Junior Dance was held on February 27, 1953. It was a guest list dance with music by George Emmons. The dance, although successful, did not have the crowd anticipated as a Johnson-Punchard basketball game conflicted with it, but a good time was had by all who attended.

G. D.

### SALVATION ARMY COLLECTION

A collection for the benefit of the Salvation Army was authorized by Mr. Hayes to be taken up in Johnson High's home rooms. The response to the collection was very generous.

G. D.

### JOURNAL DANCE

Once again the students of J. H. S. made the Journal Dance a success by attending in large num-

bers. Bill Morrissey of Station WCCM provided the latest popular music for dancing. Beverlee Thomson and Susan Hearty were co-chairmen of the decoration committee and Sandra Vose served as general chairman of the dance.

G. D.

### HOBO HOP

On February 26th the Senior Class held a Hobo Hop in the school hall. This dance was held in order to raise money for the class treasury. Many students attended from the schools in Greater Lawrence. The Seniors wish to thank everyone who helped make the dance a success.

N. L.

### BROOKS SCHOLARSHIP

Each year a Brooks-Johnson Scholarship is awarded. The two boys from Johnson High who rank highest in the scholastic tests given by Brooks are awarded a four-year scholarship to Brooks School. This year there are seven freshman boys eligible to take the tests in April. Best of luck to all seven!

G. D.

### OUR STATE TREASURER

The Senior Class elected Chuck Harbolt as its "Good Government Day" representative. Chuck's name was drawn from among 400 by Governor Herter to be the State Treasurer when the students took over the state government in March. Congratulations, Chuck! We know we'll never go in debt with you as treasurer.

G. D.

### SCHOOL PLAY

Mr. Taylor's announcement of try-outs for the school play brought many aspirants to the scene. Mr. Taylor chose the following cast members for "Young April." They are:

Terry..... Ina Thomson  
 George McIntyre..... Leonard Coppeta  
 Diane Gilmore..... Helen Marie McCarthy  
 Brian Stanley..... Frank Andrews  
 Stewart Miller..... Bob Lewis  
 Bert Parsons..... Frederick Wilson  
 Mrs. McIntyre..... Susan Hearty  
 Professor McIntyre Chuck Harbolt  
 Mrs. Miller..... Nancy Burke  
 Vivian..... Claire Markey  
 Elsie..... Carol Hamilton  
 Jane..... Louise Currier  
 Mildred..... Edith Anne Bamford  
 Lula..... Anne Walker  
 Dutch..... Leonard Oates  
 Pete..... Bruce Hamilton

With such an able cast the play can't help but be a success on April 23 and 24. G. D.

### LATIN CLUB

The members of this club have been playing a number of amusing and interesting games which deal with Latin words and their meanings. They have also listened to a number of reports by their classmates on mythological Latin characters.  
 C. R. M.

### CHEMISTRY AND PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

This club has been very active in the past month. The club has been divided into two sections and while one group works in the dark room the other watches colored slides of interesting pictures. This club is also responsible for the winning pictures of last year's high school photography contest being on display in Room 8 for all to see.  
 C. R. M.

### GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB

The girls in this club have been playing basketball all during the year and are turning out some fine future players. Mrs. Bateman, advisor for the club, has been doing

a wonderful job in coaching them.

With their excellent team-work and fine coaching, the school will soon have more star players.

F. G. B.

### SEWING AND KNITTING CLUB

The girls of this club have made many useful clothes. Some are making shirts and blouses, while others have made aprons. Embroidering has been taken up by a few of the girls and they are turning out some fine specimens of handiwork.

F. G. B.

### BOOSTERS' CLUB

The Boosters' Club took a sum of money out of its treasury to buy an art set to give to a former member of Johnson, Daniel Greco, who has been ill.

The club has also been having interesting talks about colleges to go to for further education. I. T.

### CHEFS' CLUB

The Chefs' Club received several packages of cake mix a few weeks ago, so the chefs tried them out. Judging by the pleasant odors that crept upstairs, the boys must have had success with them.

### COMMERCIAL CLUB

On February 9th, Mr. Edwin Murphy of the Arlington Trust Company came to the high school to speak to the members of this club.

On the 2nd of March, the club made a very interesting visit to the Arlington Trust Company.

On March 16, the club had a panel discussion on personality and grooming which proved most interesting.

The club is now busy making plans to see a movie about personality and grooming at the next meeting on March 20th. N. B.



## SPORTS

As this issue goes to press the girls' basketball season has officially closed.

The return game with Tewksbury again proved to be a one-sided situation for the Red Invaders. The Johnson squad proved themselves to be generous losers by displaying real sportsmanship and perseverance throughout and after the game.

A well-rested, rejuvenated team faced the Punchard cagers the next week. Finally playing within their own class, a spark kindled and Johnson won its first game.

As the season comes to an end the squad wishes to extend its thanks to Coach Bateman for her help and encouragement. A hearty handshake is offered to Captain Greene for leading the team with such agility and for setting such a good example.

Claire Arsenault, Lois Milliken, Alice Dolan and Jean Ingram will also leave a large gap in the lineup. Veterans Edie Bamford, Kitty Driscoll, Jackie Finn, Carol Long, Pris Marrs, Elsie Thomas, Nancy Burke, Rose Mary Cashman, and Maureen Smith will be well assisted next year, for among the freshman girls there are many good possibilities. Mary Bernardine, Thelia Currier, Frannie Broderick, Gilda Nardi, and Sheila Hardiman have the makings of future J. H. S. players. Edie Bamford is captain-elect.

A series of games are being played between the freshman and sophomore classes. Potential bas-

ketball abilities have been displayed during these games by both classes. The first game between the classes proved successful for the freshmen, as the much-weakened sophomores bowed to them 38-27. Gilda Nardi starred for the freshmen, while Ann Doherty was the ace shooter for the sophomore team. The more experienced six made a comeback the following Wednesday by trouncing their chums 18-4. One more game has yet to be played in order to determine the class champion.

R. E. B. & E. A. B.

### BOYS' SPORTS

Following the Governor Dummer game, Johnson clashed with Ipswich only to give the latter the crown of victory, for Johnson was defeated in a 52-43 outcome.

Proving victorious in the next game, Johnson's five sons met Tewksbury on the "high court" and trampled their opposition to the score of 36-31.

Punchard put another dent in the Johnson High School pride with a nineteen point hammer when both schools met to battle it out, for the final decision was 59-40.

The Black and Red five were once more burdened with defeat as Andover's Phillips Academy followed the same route as Punchard, and terminated the game with a 53-28 result. Thus ended Johnson's 1953 season on the "high court."

R. K.





## EXCHANGES

*Lookout*, Wakefield High School. Your title "Funicles" is a cute heading for a joke section. Borrowed from your February 20 issue:

He: "I could dance this way all evening."

She: "I imagine it's restful riding on someone else's feet."

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Reflector*, Central Junior High School, Saginaw, Michigan. Your magazine is one of the best Junior High Magazines out. I like the little anecdotes scattered through it. We would like to borrow a couple:

"Some minds are like concrete, all mixed up and permanently set."

"It usually doesn't take long for the man with push to pass the man with a pull."

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Aegis*, Beverly High School. I would like to compliment you on your literary section. The story, "My Greatest Adventure," by Lewis Meszoly deserves special mention.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Blue and White*, Methuen High School. I would like to thank you for your mention of *The Johnson Journal*.  
J. L.



## HUMOR

A crotchety old school superintendent was inspecting a class in high school. He wrote on the blackboard LXXXX, turned to a pretty girl sitting in the front row, and asked, "What does that mean?"

The girl blushed slightly but replied in a confident voice, "Love and kisses."

\* \* \* \* \*

The night was warm; the room was dark;  
Not any light, not even a spark  
Shone on the two, as they sat there alone,  
The little brown pup and his chicken bone.

It was a little girl's first day at school and the teacher was making out her registration card.

"What's your father's name?" asked the teacher.

"Daddy," replied the girl.

"Yes, I know, but what does your mother call him?"

"She doesn't call him anything. She likes him."

\* \* \* \* \*

College Senior (at baseball game): "Look at that first baseman snag those throws! I think he'll be our best man this year."

Coed: "Well, really, this is so sudden."

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